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means that the patient is given constant attention; that the regime which is found to be best adapted to the case is rightly adhered to; that a resident physician is at hand all of the time, studying the case and adapting the treatment to it; that nursing service is the best. All of these things mean improvement, greater comfort and possible recovery. Hazelwood is operated without profit by the Louisville Anti-Tuberculosis Association. Rates \$12.50 a week. Write for detailed information.

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Effective Apr. 15, 1917.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim. 12:21 a. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:29 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer 9:32 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:00 a. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:36 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim. 5:29 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express 10:20 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer 7:05 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail 10:14 p. m.
No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Erin, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

Nos. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof.

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together for one year for \$2.65. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

Once Slums, Now Park.

The Five Points, once a most dangerous part of the New York "slums," is now the site of Paradise park. It is at the crossing of Worth, Baxter and Park streets, near the junction of Park row and the New Bowery and Chatham square, and practically adjoining Mulberry bend. In 1740, 14 negroes were burned here during the negro insurrection. Here the Dead Rabbits had their headquarters and fought the Bowery Boys. The Seventh regiment was called out July 3, 1857, to quell a riot here. The Five Points mission was incorporated in 1850.

Apple Purely Gift of Nature.

From the days of Adam and Eve man has always hankered for apples and much of his time has been spent in the culture of this king of fruits. There are apples so well-flavored and juicy and tender that they sell for five and ten cents apiece, and each apple lover has his favorite. But how many apple lovers can tell where or how his favorite originated? All the best kinds of apples just "grewed," like Topsy. None of them was evolved by propagation.

Not in His Line.

Flubdub—"Do you know the total number of tea drinkers in America?" Guzzler—"I do not. I am no tea taster."—Judge.

The Supreme Sacrifice.
Isabel—"Are you sure you really love me?" Arthur—"Dearest, I would be president of Mexico for your sake."
—Cornell Widow.

Matrimonial Felicity.
Lucky is the man who marries a good cook, for he may find that his wife is able to bake the kind of pie his mother tried to make.

PERFECTION SLOW TO COME

Evolution of Photography a Matter of Many Years and the Work of Many Minds.

The distinction of making the first chemical step in the history of photography belongs to Italy, owing to the discovery by a chemist of the sixteenth century that nitrate chloride of silver is blackened on exposure to light, while the foundation of photographic optics was laid by Della Porta in his invention about 1509 of the camera obscura, i. e., the darkening of nitrate of silver by light.

Experiments in 1777 by Scheele, a Swedish chemist, and by Ritter of Jena in 1801, in the action of rays of light upon horn silver, carried the science a step further. But to Thomas Wedgwood of England belongs the honor of having been the first to produce photographs by the action of light on a sensitive surface produced by nitrate of silver, his researches being much aided by the observations of Sir Humphrey Davy. These photographs were made in 1802.

Twelve years later Nicéphore Niepce of Chalon-sur-Saône was the first to produce permanent pictures by the means of solar radiation, his process, described as heliography, consisting in coating a piece of plated silver or glass with bitumen.

The daguerreotype, which did justice without mercy, was produced about 1839 by Daguerre and Niepce. For more than twenty years the daguerreotype, facetious descriptions of which are found in the pages of Samuel Lever, Dickens, Thackeray and Rende, held tyrannous sway. W. H. Fox Talbot in the meantime vainly trying to secure recognition for his calotype process, which, by the aid of paper steeped in nitrate of silver, produced the negative or invisible picture now used in all photographs.

To Howe is credited the invention of the changing box, containing a dozen or more plates with a special form of dark bath, which can be changed with one plate at a time from the box and then inserted in the camera for exposure.

Changes in photographic apparatus with the introduction of sensitive films supported not on glass but on a flexible material led many leading photographers of the late sixties and early seventies to seek a material which, although possessing the transparency of glass, would be less brittle.

To Morgan and Kidd of Richmond, the fashionable photographers of their day, belongs the distinction of evolving by means of a gelatin emulsion the bromide paper now used for enlarging.

The rapidity and sensitiveness of modern dry plates have given birth to flashlight pictures, produced by scattering magnesium into a lamp flame. This system is now invariably used for taking group portraits at public affairs.

Amsterdam Street Car Service.

The electric street car service of Amsterdam is municipally owned and managed. Its annual receipts are nearly \$2,000,000, with a profit of about 10 per cent. No deficit has ever occurred under the city management. The lines of cars are numbered from one to 19, and have a total of 30 miles of track. The cars bear their respective numbers and signs to show the starting and terminal points and important intermediate places. When the routes are known, however, the lines are always referred to by their numbers. The trolley support is formed of two arms, about two feet apart from the base up to near the top, where the space widens to about four feet, the width of the horizontal rod which touches and travels along the overhead wire. Thus there is never the trouble of delay caused by the trolley getting off the wires, as where a wheel is used. Between the arms of the trolley-support hangs the number of each line, in large figures plainly visible several hundred feet distant. The number is also shown against glass at each end of the car, and is illuminated at night. This system of numbering, which is believed to have originated in Amsterdam, is now extending widely over Europe.

Not a Cuspidor.

G. E. Lockmiller, traveling representative of the Central Normal college, at Danville, Ind., formerly was principal of the Tipton high school. On a recent date he returned to visit the Tipton school, and on that particular day Superintendent C. F. Patterson arranged an oral drill for the benefit of the visitor.

"Now will some one volunteer to give us a good definition of the word 'sepulcher'?" the superintendent asked in the course of the drill.

A freshman girl was quick to respond.

"A sepulcher," she said, "is a spittoon."

The pupils laughed, and then laughed again when Superintendent Patterson responded:

"No, a sepulcher is not a spit—is not a cuspidor."

How He Took It.

Kind Lady—And you really took the pledge one time, did you?
Rummy Robbins—Yes, mam. I see it in a deserted cottage east, an' as dat was all dere was I took it an' sold it. De frame was gold, an' dey gimme er dollar fer it.

Wrong Again.

"And this is our Louis XVI room," remarked Mrs. Grabcohn.
"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Wooper. "I didn't know you had a lodger of that name."

JUST MISSED DEATH

MISSIONARY'S FEARFUL EXPERIENCE IN OLD VAULT.

Cowardice of His Two Zulu "Boys" Nearly Led to Disaster—Wife Helped Rescue Him in the Nick of Time.

"A missionary has to be a Jack-of-all-trades," remarked Rev. Yandel Collas, who was home on a furlough after twenty years in South Africa. "There was an underground room, about eight feet deep by eight square, walled with brick and plastered with tarred cement, beneath the children's bedroom in our mission house at Mupola; it was for storing corn, or mealie, as they call it in Natal. I didn't like to use it because it was so damp, and for a year I had been using galvanized iron tanks that I riveted and soldered myself. I had almost forgotten the existence of the old corn cellar when, toward the close of the next rainy season, we noticed a strange, sickening odor pervading the house. When I removed the square wooden lid over one end of the old vault, the stench was enough to knock you down. A few quarts of molded mealie had been left on the cellar floor; rats had enlarged a crack in one corner in order to get at this provender, and the heavy rains had seeped through the rat hole and left about six inches of water, wherein some of the rats had drowned themselves. You can imagine what the smell was like.

"I ordered Malusi and Mutyani, two gigantic Zulus, to clean out that vault; but they refused, unless I would go down first. They firmly believed that a demon dwelt in that black hole!

"So I got the two boys to stand over the trapdoor while I prepared to descend the short ladder that leaned against the wall a foot from the opening. I lowered a pall on the end of a stout rope, which I made Malusi take hold of, and then, with a lighted candle in one hand and a shovel in the other, I swung down on my elbows until my feet found the ladder. I tested it, found it apparently firm, took another step downward; and then with one last, long breath I let go my hold on the floor and trusted my whole weight to the ladder.

"The ladder was as rotten as everything else in that pit. I had not taken more than one step when it gave way with a soft, bending squish; my candle flickered out, and I sat down with a mighty splash in six inches of muck! "I felt sick all over, and when I tried to rise I could hardly stagger to my knees. I touched the rope tied to the pall, and grasped it firmly.

"Pull on the rope!" I cried, and I gave the cord an anxious jerk. 'Malusi, Mutyani, pull!' The whole length of rope slipped and splashed down beside me. The two boys had run off in a panic.

"Mary, get some help quick! I am being poisoned!" I cried to my wife; but I got no answer.

"My temples throbbed as if they would burst, my ears roared, strange lights danced before my eyes and a powerful hand seemed to be constricting my throat and chest so that I could not breathe. I was being poisoned by the noxious gases. With a tremendous effort I dragged myself to my feet; just then I heard my wife's voice above me. 'Can't you get out?' she called.

"The absurdity of the question had a stimulating effect upon me.

"No, of course not!" I roared angrily. 'The ladder is broken.' I felt my knees giving away, and I ended with a cry like that of a sick child, 'Help!'

"Don't get mad," she soothed. 'I have been after those boys. Here's Malusi. Where's the rope?' She had persuaded that big Zulu baby to return. He was as strong as an ox, but I had dropped the rope when I had struggled to my feet. 'It's here at my feet, but I don't dare to go after it. Sewer gas,' I called.

"What!" my wife gasped; then she called out cheerfully, 'Well, never mind; keep up your courage! I'll fetch another rope!'

"I'm afraid I can't last much longer," I faltered.

"My wife answered promptly, 'Here, then, Malusi will reach down his hand. Malusi, reach down your hand! Grab hold!'

"As she spoke I felt the hand of the native touch my hair. I clutched it convulsively, and then I went limp all over; but I felt him get his other hand in the collar of my shirt. When I came so, I was lying outdoors on the grass, and the world never seemed so bright and fair as it did then. You see, as soon as Malusi had got his enormous paws on me I was safe; but it's a mystery to me how he ever dragged me out of that hole, strong as he is. My wife says she helped, too, which, of course, explains everything!

"That afternoon, with a new ladder and plenty of ropes, the Zulus cleaned out the vault, and the next day I went down myself and cemented the rat-hole, and splashed a lot of good, clean, hot tar round, and the job was done."

What He Wanted.

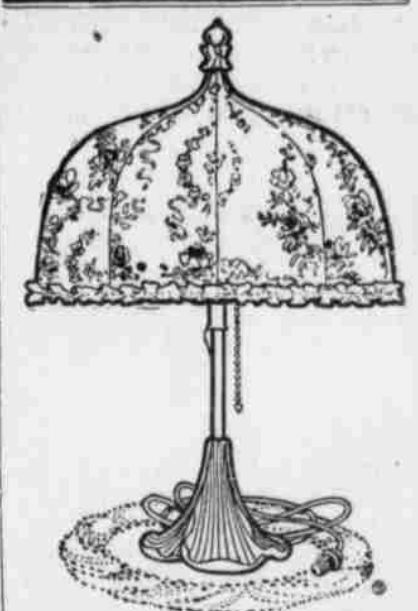
"Hello, uncle," exclaimed the city nephew, as he warmly grasped the old man's hand, "glad to see you looking so well. How is dear aunt and charming cousin?"
"Here, boy," interrupted the old man as he pulled out his pocketbook, "how much do you want?"

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—The London Daily Mail, Paris Edition.

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How Times Have Changed.

It was raining heavily the other day when one of the uptown public schools was dismissed. In front of the school, waiting for the children, were nurses, mere parents, chauffeurs and relatives, and all of them were burdened with umbrellas, overshoes, raincoats and wraps. As the children came out they were bundled up and hurried away. An old man with a clay pipe upside down thrust between his teeth stood watching the picture while the rain splashed his damp person. "Covering 'em up like plants," he said. "Overshoes, umbrellas and the like. Say, when I was a boy this rain would have been good for us. We did not have any shoes, let alone overshoes, and as for umbrellas, why, we'd punch the kid's eye that would use one. Oh, well," he sighed, philosophically, "times change."

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Snapping It Back.

"This town would be all right if there were not so many fools in it!" snarled the Kansas City drummer whose orders had not been as plentiful as he felt that he deserved. "But, on the other hand, Mr. Purt, if there weren't any fools here probably you wouldn't sell any goods at all," replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern, who was filled with local pride.—Kansas City Star.

Revival of Tatting.

We see that tatting has been revived in our best circles, but we don't suppose it will be any more difficult for a thoughtful man to hold his wife's undivided attention as he discusses the tariff in its various aspects and ramifications than it has been under the fllet-crochet regime.—Ohio State Journal.